

Vol. XIV, No. 7.
Whole No. 163.

5c Single Copy. Per Year 50c. In Clubs
of Four, per Year 25c.

SOCIAL REVOLUTION



ST. LOUIS

SEPTEMBER, 1917

THE WORLD —
"You made me what I am today"



A CRIMINAL AT THE BAR OF JUSTICE

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE

By KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

"A criminal at the bar of justice, a woman branded with the mark of shame!"

I remember hearing a police-court judge use the foregoing words years ago when I was just a girl, seeking the road to literary glory via the stony path of a cub reporter. They burned themselves into my brain because they seemed to plumb the very depth of misery and degradation. I have thought of them many times since, when chance has brought me in contact with the sordid grist that is ground through the relentless mills of our criminal courts. But always I have felt that in some way the "criminal" who stood at the "bar of justice" was in some strange way different in heart or mind or soul from ordinary folk; that there was some strange quirk of brain, or some dark blot of heredity, that made him just a little set apart from—myself, for instance. I thought there must be some hidden spot where mental or moral decay had weakened the character or sapped the power of will, and that there was really such a thing as a "criminal" and in some strange way the "criminal" was responsible for the "crime."

Now, like Saul of old, I, too, have faced a blinding flash of light, and I now know that all my ideas of crime and criminals were stupid, to say the least. Within the last few weeks I have been that "criminal at the bar of justice," and with all my most minute searchings of mind and heart and soul I cannot find within myself a single spot of mental or moral decay, nor has any ghost of a dead-and-gone ancestor come forth from his grave to lead me astray. For nearly forty years I have ambled up and down this earth. I have lived and learned, worked and played, loved and suffered, given life and closed in death the eyes of those I loved; and always have I been smug in the self-satisfaction that my life has been blameless and that I lived "above the law" of my country. My life ran along the accustomed groove; my work was just what I had been doing for fifteen years; so far as I can judge, I had not developed any particularly new ideas, nor had I claimed any new rights. Being American born and bred for several generations, I firmly believed that the Constitution of my country guaranteed me certain rights, among them the right of free speech, free press, and free assemblage. Of course, had I lived in Germany, I would have known that "Prussian despotism" ruled, and that I dare not express an honest conviction, or criticise the acts of a ruler and a government "divinely ordained" to rule. But being an American and knowing that my great-grandfathers had fought to establish a republic, and that my father had fought to preserve that republic, and that our president had gravely declared that "democracy must be made safe for the world," I quite naturally thought it was my sacred right to express my honest convictions. And I expressed them to the best of my ability, and innocently supposed I still was a respectable person, and far above the "criminal class."

Then one Sunday morning I suddenly awoke from my dream that I was the citizen of a republic and that the fundamental laws of my country guaranteed me certain inalienable rights. Also, I discovered that the line between the "criminal and the law-abiding citizen existed only in imagination. While I had been busily engaged in my customary duties, Congress had enacted a certain measure called the "Espionage Law." Of course I had absolutely no voice in electing the Congressmen, and none of the attorneys to whom I appealed to interpret the muddled

language of the law seemed able to determine quite what it meant; but I discovered its meaning with a shock that rocked the very foundations of my life.

The story of my plunge into "crime" is short and easily told. I was chairman of the committee that wrote the Majority Report on War and Militarism at the Emergency Convention of the Socialist Party in St. Louis. This report was later indorsed by the Socialist party by an overwhelming majority vote of its members. The very day the convention closed, I started on a lecture trip which carried me south to Florida, west to Los Angeles, north to Everett, Wash., and east to Devil's Lake, N. D. Each time I appeared on the platform I stated the position of the Socialist party on the present war as set forth by our official manifesto. This, and this alone, is the extent of my "crime." My meetings were the largest I ever have addressed, my book sales broke all records, and my audiences were,

officer and that he had a warrant for my arrest.

I was a criminal, afoul of the law and under arrest, but for the life of me I couldn't feel the part. No fear gripped my soul, no remorse smote my conscience, and, strangest of all, the surge of hate and rebellion a "criminal" should feel for his captor refused utterly to surge. My only emotion was one of keen pity for the man, who seemed to find his duty so hard to perform. Persons who are ill at ease always affect me painfully and my one desire was to do something that would relieve the poor fellow's embarrassment. The only friendly, polite thing I could think of at the moment was to invite my captor to take breakfast with me. That effort proved a failure. The officer looked more unhappy than ever and hurriedly declined, but gave me permission to eat alone. I had only thirty minutes to eat my breakfast and get the fast train that would take us to Fargo, so I ate and packed in



KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

without a single exception, in perfect harmony with the things I said. Every meeting was open for questions or criticisms, and not a single person either questioned or criticised (while I was in town). No doubt there were those at every meeting who disagreed with me, but they were too cowardly to come out into the open and declare their position.

I was billed to speak at Devil's Lake, N. D., on Sunday, July 29. That morning I went down to breakfast calm and serene in the belief that I was a perfectly respectable person. I bought a newspaper at the cigar stand and turned to go to my breakfast, when I was confronted by a stern-faced man who seemed to be in trouble and suffering deeply therefrom. People in trouble just gravitate in my direction as naturally as water runs down hill, and when the sad-looking individual spoke my name I thought, "Here is some poor devil in trouble; I wonder what he wants me to do for him?" I shook hands with the gentleman very cordially and assured him I was at his service. The stern visage grew very pale, and the sad-looking individual gulped a few times as if he were trying to swallow his Adam's apple; then told me he was a Federal

record time, feeling always that it was my duty to do all that was possible to make it pleasant and comfortable for the officer who had broken up a most successful lecture trip and was carrying me off to prison.

When we reached the railway station a whole flock of deputies had come all the way from Fargo to assist in my arrest. They were armed like pirates, but they looked so harmless and inoffensive—and so bashful, withal—and seemed so keenly to feel just how ridiculous it appeared for a whole crowd of heavily armed men to travel several hundred miles to arrest a perfectly ordinary looking woman who grinned at them good-naturedly and accepted their escort with perfect good-humor. Men can stand anything better than being made to look silly; and every deputy there knew he looked like a ninny, and he felt like a fool.

The trip from Devil's Lake to Fargo was one I always shall remember. It was full of vivid emotions, but they were not hate or resentment or bitterness. They all were of keen sympathy for the men who felt so disgusted and miserable over the distasteful part they had been called upon to play. I have been told that I can be both an interesting and an agreeable travel-

ing companion, and I am sure that I never put more brains and tact into the effort than I did when trying to put my captors at ease and make the long, hot trip a pleasant one.

I had the feeling that I really should experience some sense of shame or disgrace, and that I should be horror-stricken at the idea of going to jail; but the proper emotions simply wouldn't materialize. I wasn't ashamed, I didn't feel disgraced, I couldn't hate the men who had put me under arrest; but I did hope the jail wouldn't be hot and smelly.

Long before the trip was over I found the officer who had me in charge was a fine, clean, wholesome fellow, with a splendid mind and with a warm heart under his rather austere exterior. He was a fine type of those BIG men who seem to be a product of the great Northwest, and long before our trip was ended a firm friendship had been established between us.

Congress can enact a law that makes it a crime to express an honest opinion, politicians even can compel grand juries to issue indictments, and officers can be forced to serve warrants, but human nature remains the same. No law can be made operative if it is abhorrent to the mass of the people.

We, the people, may be wrong, and the handful of men who profit by war may be right, but the fact remains that the heart and soul of America is for peace and not for war, and the "Espionage Law" does outrage every right and liberty that the multitude hold sacred.

This is not the time or the place to argue the right or the wrong of the war or of the "Espionage Law;" we can waive that, but the attitude of the majority of our people is a fact that can not be ignored or hidden. **THEY ARE BITTERLY OPPOSED TO BOTH,** and all the laws that can be written on paper can not change the minds and hearts of the masses; **THE JUDGES AND THE FEDERAL OFFICERS ARE OF THE PEOPLE, AND THEIR HEARTS ARE WITH US.**

The deputy marshal who arrested me was a Federal officer, but he was more than that—HE WAS A MAN. He jeopardized his job and his bonds rather than to put me in jail, and while the law said I should have been locked behind steel bars I occupied the best suite in the hotel and received every courtesy from the most genial and gentlemanly landlord. I was under arrest for five days in Fargo, and I received more courtesy and kindly attentions during that time than in any like period in my life.

I always shall have the most pleasant memories of the officials that one naturally would suppose I would hate. The deputy who arrested me and would not put me in jail; the district attorney, whose bark was much worse than his bite; his genial assistant, who is an Irish gentleman in the very finest sense of the term, and my own attorney, who is a rock-ribbed Democrat and some sixty years behind the times, but a kindly gentleman just the same. Perhaps I remember best of all the Federal judge, who was the living embodiment of my girlish ideals of what a judge should be. He was courteous and kindly and cultured. The passing years and the weight of life's sorrows had silvered his hair and stooped his shoulders and traced lines upon the fine face, but they had sweetened his soul and taught him patience and tolerance. Escorted by my fussy attorney and my faithful deputy, I was arraigned in the judge's chambers with so much courtesy and attention that I felt like the guest of honor at some strange ceremony rather than a criminal at the bar. I was questioned very kindly, then I signed a temporary bond and was politely dismissed with the understanding that I was to remain in Fargo until my bond of one thousand dollars was provided. Yet these men were all faithful, loyal servants of the government. I firmly believe they would be absolutely relentless in deal-

(Continued on page 5)

PHIL WAGNER, Managing Editor

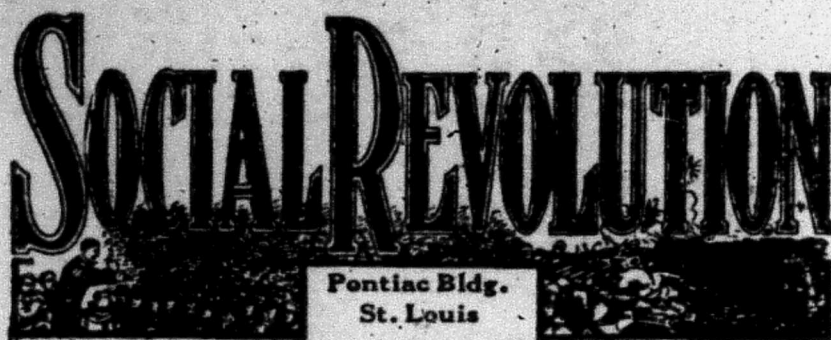
STAFF

Eugene V. Debs W. S. Morgan
Kate Richards O'Hare Oscar Ameringer
E. P. Wagner

For Advertising Rates Address

HARRY R. FISHER,

Garland Building - - - Chicago, Ill
Telephone, Central. 4340



Pontiac Bldg.
St. Louis

"Till the war-drum throbbed no longer,
and the battle flags were furled
In the parliament of man,
the federation of the world."—Tennyson.

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Entered at the Postoffice at St. Louis, Mo., as Second-Class Matter.

Published on the First Day of Each Month.



When asking that your paper be changed from one postoffice address to another, ALWAYS give the name of your old postoffice.

A Word to Our Friends

This paper is not in the habit of complaining to its readers. It has rarely done so. It does so now only under the stress of circumstances. It prefers to cheer its readers in a spirit of optimism rather than depress them with a recital of its troubles.

But the times are extraordinary and the exigencies are such that we feel impelled to make this appeal to our friends. The war censorship has borne heavily upon the socialist and radical press. This paper has not escaped. Its editions have been held up by the postal authorities, and it has been called upon to show why it should not be entirely excluded from the mails. Extra editions have had to be printed, omitting the matter objected to; a special trip had to be made to Washington, and other heavy expenses have had to be incurred to prevent the paper from being destroyed. All this, the publisher, Comrade Phil Wagner, has met without complaint. He has met it from his own pocket and it has been a severe drain on him.

Now, SOCIAL REVOLUTION has never once called upon its readers for a donation or for financial support to tide it over a critical period. It will not do so now. It only asks that its friends and sympathizers come to the rescue in this crucial hour by buying four or more subscription cards, thus relieving the pressure upon the publisher and adding to the circulation and power of SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

Is this request an unreasonable one under the circumstances? No friend of this paper will urge such an objection.

Therefore, we have no hesitancy in making this appeal in behalf of a paper that is committed uncompromisingly to the cause of the working class and the common people.

Please let us hear from you promptly. Buy four subscription cards, or as many as you can afford, and help to keep this paper on the firing line of the social revolution.

EDITORIALS

By Eugene V. Debs

FOOD CONTROL AND UNION LABOR

The food control bill is the most drastic and far-reaching measure ever enacted into law in the United States. Some of its provisions, namely, those which are aimed at the private ownership and control of the people's necessities and the resultant profiteering of the food pirates at the expense of the overburdened and suffering people, are wholesome and timely, but the measure contains at least one section which may be construed so as to not only prevent labor strikes but practically paralyze the labor movement. Section 4 makes it unlawful to conspire, combine, agree or arrange with any other person to limit the facilities for transporting, producing, harvesting, manufacturing, supplying, storing or dealing in any necessities, or to restrict the supply or distribution of any necessities, etc.

The danger to organized labor under this section can be seen at a glance. Under its provision almost any industrial strike may be outlawed and its leaders sent to prison.

Whether this section is to be invoked for the prevention of strikes and the prosecution of union labor and its leaders, will doubtless appear as the war proceeds.

The working man who thinks is the torch-bearer of freedom.

The world will not be right until woman stands on an equality with man and is in full possession of all life's golden opportunities.

LET US GET TOGETHER

We have yet to learn to get together. It seems very simple and yet up to the present time it has been all but impossible. It is so easy to sow the seed of dissension in the ranks of the workers, so easy to impose ignorant, incompetent, recreant leaders upon them. Nothing is easier in fact than to keep workingmen fighting one another to their own undoing and to the salvation of their exploiting masters. Let us understand first of all that we of the working class are the

wide world over of the one and the same class. No matter where we were born, what our race, nationality, color, creed, sex or occupation may be, we are all, every mother's son and daughter of us, of the same enslaved and exploited class.

The working class, since the beginning of organized society, has always been enslaved in some form and exploited of some part, usually the greater part, of what it has produced.

Now if all of us workers are in the same economic class—and that is a fundamental fact which no sane person will attempt to deny—then it follows logically and inevitably, that our interests are the same, that we rise or fall together, and that together we are enslaved or emancipated.

If our interests are the same then our instinct if not our intelligence should teach us to get together, to stand together, to make common cause together, and to fight every battle together, industrial, political and otherwise, from slavery to emancipation.

As individuals we are absolutely unable to escape our slavish environment. We are completely at the mercy of the boss. There is not a ray of hope for us or our class.

But the very moment we get together our helplessness turns into conquering power and there is nothing on earth that can resist us. The one thing we have to do therefore is to learn how to get together and then stick together so closely that not all the corrupting power of capitalism nor all the blandishments of hell itself can divide us.

To conquer we must have power; to have power we must unite in the same industrial union and the same political party, and when we do that the chains fall from our limbs, a new sun rises to meridian glory in our skies, and the world is ours forever.

The sun of Socialism is rising to meridian glory and filling the world with light and hope.

The rank and file of the working class are the true saviors of the human race.

LYNCHING OF FRANK LITTLE

Words are utterly inadequate to denounce the brutal lynching by "business" men and their degenerate hirelings of Frank Little, the I. W. W. organizer at Butte, Montana. Little had violated no law; he had committed no offense except to stand up for the working class and endeavor to organize them for their protection against their exploiters.

For this Frank Little was lynched as if he had been the vilest criminal and outlaw on earth.

The blood of Frank Little is upon the cowardly, dressed-up brutes and assassins who masquerade as the law and order element of Butte. They themselves are the most infamous of villains and richly deserve the gibbet. Let these monsters beware. They have sown to the wind and they will reap the tornado, and when it comes and the blood of Frank Little cries for vengeance, they will receive the same mercy they showed to him.

The lynching of Frank Little is a foul blot upon the city of Butte and the state of Montana. "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine."

If you are a worker join the union and the party of your class and do your share to win the day for industrial freedom.

The class-conscious worker is a flaming torch in the darkness of wage-slavery.

Get your neighbor or your shopmate to read SOCIAL REVOLUTION and catch the inspiration of the great cause it represents.

SOLDIERS CLUBBING WOMEN

The press dispatches from Washington report a most disgraceful state of affairs at the capitol of the nation. The soldiers, sailors and marines there, as in Boston and other cities, are again the offenders against law and decency. At Boston these men in uniform broke up a peaceable Socialist parade, mobbed a Socialist speaker, clubbed men, women and children, and finally sacked the official headquarters of the party and made a bonfire in the streets of its stock and possessions.

These same soldiers in uniform, the supposed custodians of law and order, have now further disgraced themselves by assaulting the women who stand for suffrage at the nation's capitol, pelting them with eggs, tearing down their flags, destroying their banners, and storming their headquarters. One of the soldiers discharged his revolver into the headquarters, barely missing one of the women who happened to be there.

What will President Wilson do to rebuke and punish the cowardly perpetrators of the infamous deeds, these outrages, upon the law by the very element that is supposed to uphold the law and protect the citizen against its violation?

It will not do to charge that the women at Washington are unwise or in bad taste in their propaganda for enfranchisement. That is their affair. Their methods are entirely their own. The point is that they acted strictly within their legal rights, and the brutal assault upon them by the soldiers, sailors and marines was an outrage that should be promptly rebuked by the administration and indignantly denounced and condemned by the whole nation.

The world will be safe for democracy only when democracy has control of the world.

Treason and heresy are the twin charges which the bravest and noblest of men have had to face in the struggle to give light and freedom to the world.

SOCIAL REVOLUTION is your paper. It is voicing your convictions and fighting for your principles, and every subscriber you get for it increases its power and hastens the day of victory.

RENA MOONEY'S ACQUITTAL

The sensational trial of Rena Mooney in San Francisco resulted in her triumphant acquittal and complete vindication, notwithstanding the notorious bias of the court and the powerful influences which lurked in the background, bent upon her conviction and execution.

But Rena Mooney, notwithstanding her acquittal by a jury, was forced back into jail by the unspeakable Fickert, prosecutor in the case and filthy tool of the thieving interests that are thirsting for the blood of this innocent woman. Fickert the fiend, in a rage at seeing his victim escape his clutches, exclaimed in a frenzy at the close of the trial, "I'll hang her yet!" It is seen at a glance what there is in this villain's black heart. He is under obligation to his capitalist masters to hang Tom and Rena Mooney, and he will leave no stone unturned to accomplish his satanic end.

At this writing an attempt is being made with fair prospects to secure the release of Mrs. Mooney on bail pending her trial on the remaining indictments against her. She and her husband and their three associ-

ates have now been in jail more than a year. They are all absolutely innocent, and the world looks on with mute astonishment at their continued incarceration and persecution.

The city of San Francisco stands today disgraced before the world. The Mooney trials, resulting in one death sentence and one life imprisonment in the face of overwhelming evidence of innocence, have made the name of San Francisco a hissing and a by-word throughout the country. Even the capitalist press, realizing the atrocious outrage of these proceedings and their effect upon public opinion, has turned upon the infamous prosecution and is denouncing the court in unmeasured terms in which such a monstrous perversion of justice is possible.

The St. Paul Pioneer-Press, a leading capitalist organ of the Northwest, denounces the "higher-ups" who are responsible for what it charges to be a conspiracy against the Mooneys, and demands a thorough investigation of the outrageous affair.

The whole of this notorious case can be summed up in a few words: The capitalist plutocrats of San Francisco are determined to smash militant unionism on the Pacific coast by hanging its incorruptible leaders. That is all there is in the case.

The monsters who have fed fat upon the exploitation of the state, the plunder of the people and the corruption of the body politic, brook no interference with their piracies, and that is why they are thirsting for the innocent blood of the Mooneys and their three associates.

The call comes with renewed insistence to the working class and to all decent people to join in thwarting this brutal conspiracy and rescuing its victims from the gory clutches of their would-be murderers. Funds are still urgently needed and every dollar or dime that can be spared should be sent promptly to Robert Minor, Treasurer Defense Fund, Russ Building, San Francisco, Calif.

This case must be won and the lives of these innocent comrades saved at whatever cost to the labor movement.

The war is now Socialism's mightiest propagandist.

The world in its supreme agony cries aloud for industrial and social democracy.

Despotism is doomed. The war of its own making is exterminating the last vestige of it with fire and sword.

ETHEL LYNN'S BOOK

"The Adventures of a Woman Hobo" is the title of the book recently issued from the press of the George H. Doran Co., New York, of which Ethel Lynn, M. D., of San Francisco, is the author. It is a book of unusual interest and appeal, which we commend without hesitation to the readers of SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

Dr. Ethel Lynn has long been a prominent member of the Socialist party and an active worker in the Socialist movement. She is widely known, particularly on the Pacific coast, where she resides, as a brilliant writer and a speaker of unusual eloquence and power.

In her remarkable book, "The Adventures of a Woman Hobo," Dr. Lynn traces with fidelity and in detail the experiences of herself and husband in "hoboing" their way from Chicago, whither they had gone, back to their home in San Francisco. There is nothing of an imaginary nature in this book of thrilling adventures. Its pages are packed with grim realities. It is a story of profound human interest and a study of startling significance.

Not many people understand the true meaning of the term hobo. The hobo is not a tramp or a vagabond, but one of that numerous army of seasonal and transitory workers who, on account of the uncertainty of their lot, are compelled to shift as best they can from one part of the country to another in pursuit of the elusive job which under the present system is controlled by the master regardless of the interest or well-being of the wage-slave who holds it.

Ethel Lynn tells the story of the hobo's precarious lot in all its tragic details. The cruelties and abuses to which these unfortunate workers are subjected are set forth with a pen of flame, and dull indeed must be the soul that could glean these glowing pages without the deepest sympathy for the hobo and the intensest hatred for the system of which he is the victim.

Day by day the harrowing experiences of Ethel and her husband are unfolded, their desperate struggle with the fates, their narrow and perilous escapes in boarding passing freights, their camp life, their hunger and privation, and their numberless adventures with the fates that so often seem to combine against the jobless, wandering victim of the present iniquitous industrial system.

Ethel Lynn has told a wonderful story—and as true and tragic as it is wonderful. Now and then the somber pages are lighted up with a gleam of humor.

From first to last the three hundred pages of this book are filled with a narrative of profound human interest. There is not a dull line in it. The story is splendidly told, for Ethel Lynn is a literary artist and her name is destined to shine with enviable brilliancy in the world of labor literature.

CONGRESSMAN LONDON POINTS WAY TO LASTING PEACE.

All Allied Countries Urged to State War Aims; Parliament to Send Delegates to Washington Conference.

(Special Correspondence)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Meyer London, Socialist representative from New York, has introduced a joint resolution in the House of Representatives calling upon the legislative bodies of the countries now at war with Germany to elect from their membership an "inter-parliamentary conference" to reach a common understanding of the basic principles upon which a lasting peace may be established.

The resolution requests the president to convey the invitation to the governments of the nations to provide for the election of delegates to the conference, which is to be held in Washington.

London's resolution is the first concrete proposition yet presented to Congress placing upon the parliaments of the warring countries the responsibility of determining terms of peace.

TEXT OF RESOLUTION

The resolution follows:

"Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, that in order to promote democracy in international relations, and to reach a common understanding of the basic principles upon which a lasting peace may be established, a conference of representatives elected from the membership of the legislative bodies of the countries now at war with Germany be held at the earliest possible date, and be it further

"Resolved, that the president of the United States be requested to convey to the respective governments of the said nations the invitation of the Congress of the United States of America to elect delegates to an inter-parliamentary conference to be held at the city of Washington, District of Columbia, for the purposes above stated; and be it further

"Resolved, that an appropriation of \$250,000 out of moneys in the treasury of the United States not otherwise appropriated is hereby authorized to be made for the purpose of this resolution."

"It is evident that throughout the world there is a growing demand that the principle issues of the war be made clear," said London, in explanation of his resolution.

A War of Nations

"This is a war, not of armies, but of nations. The coercive principle which exists in armies cannot be applied to entire nations. A nation at war must be convinced of the justice of its cause, and when more than one nation is involved in a common war all of them must, at least, agree on one thing, that their objects shall not conflict.

"A declaration by a conference of representatives of all of the Parliaments of the nations arrayed against Germany would constitute an appeal to the reason and to the conscience of the world. It would have an immediate effect upon the liberty and peace-loving elements in the central powers.

"The value of the Reichstag declaration has been underestimated. It is, first of all, an assertion of the right to determine international relations by a Parliament which has heretofore been submissive to the government. Second, it is a direct bid for peace. Third, it emphasizes the fact that the representatives of the German people have realized the danger of an economic alliance after the war.

Expect No Victory

"It is evident that they do not expect to defeat the allies, that no matter how optimistic they may be about their military success, they have no hope that Germany will be able to force its terms upon the allies.

"The best they can hope for is a stalemate from a military standpoint and an economic alliance against them after the conclusion of the war.

"The United States is in the best position to initiate such a conference. The quarrel is comparatively young. We have not yet become embittered. We are still capable of dispassionate reasoning.

"The calling of an inter-parliamentary conference will not weaken or separate, but unite."

A JAY

I met a man the other day;

Or, more correct, I met a jay.

His life in arduous toil he'd spent;

His face was drawn, his form was bent,

His hands were just two shapeless

paws,

His fingers, just two sets of claws.

But two were gone from where they'd

been—

He'd ground them off in some machine,

His narrow chest held but one lung,

His feet were flat, his knees were

sprung.

He shuffled badly when he walked,

He uttered nonsense when he talked.

I sorry felt for this poor wight,

And thought, "You don't look very

bright;

But still there may be left some hope

To clear from out your mind the dope.

So promptly I'll proceed to try

To show you where your int'rests lie."

I said, "How are things going, chum?"

And he replied, "They're on the bum."

And when I asked him to explain

He spoke in this lugubrious strain—

That everything was to the bad;

That he had never "justice" had;

That though he'd worked hard all his

life

He barely could maintain his wife

And find his kids their daily bread—

That life was just one care and dread.

He finished, "Something should be

done."

"Yes," I replied, "and you are one

Of those who should that 'something'

do.

It's up to such as me and you."

I then proceeded to explain

How ev'ry effort would be vain

To beat the capitalist game.

That we had got to change the same

Into a new society

In which the worker would be free

From need to search or beg a job

From those who own and rule and rob;

That we ourselves must make the rules,

And Socialism was the pen

To write new rights for working men.

At this he rose and pawed the air,

And said it never would be fair.

To take the masters' "rights" away.

(I said before he was a jay).

I said "You may in ignorance stew,

I waste my breath on such as you,

And I will straightway get me hence,

And try to find a man of sense."

—N. Y. Call.

In Remembrance.—He was a rackets young man and kept very late hours, but had now joined the Fusiliers and was ordered to the front, and on bidding farewell to his beloved, he said to her:

"Darling, when I am far away will thou gaze at yon star every night and think of me?"

"I will, indeed, dearest," she replied.

"If I needed anything to remind me of you, I should choose that very star."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because it is out so late at night and looks so pale in the morning."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Criminal at the Bar of Justice

(Continued from Page 2)

ing with a real criminal. And by "a real criminal" I mean any one who had transgressed a law they believed to be just. They were fair enough to give me a hearing and, having studied me personally and heard my honest convictions, I was secure so far as they were able to safeguard me.

I found this to be true, not only in case of the officials with whom I came in contact, but with dozens of lawyers, business men, and bankers whom my genial host made it possible for me to meet. Lawyers, who stand highest among their profession in the state met me fairly, gave me an opportunity to explain my position, and then proffered their services without price. All that is necessary to make me safe in the state of North Dakota is to make it possible for me to talk to the people of that state.

My arrest disrupted a splendid lecture trip. It has cost SOCIAL REVOLUTION more than a thousand dollars in loss of business, and it will cost much more in court fees before it is settled—and IT MAY SEND ME TO PRISON—BUT WE HAVE THE PEOPLE, IF ONLY WE CAN REACH THEM WITH OUR MESSAGE.

The capitalist papers gave columns of space to my arrest and gloated over it with glee. Every man or woman who can read knows the story of my "crime" and the people of North Dakota know just who owns and controls the capitalist press, and to the hard-headed men of the Non-Partisan League there is no higher recommendation than to be assailed by it. Already these men who have smashed the old political parties of that state are asking, "What is this Socialism, and who is this Kate O'Hare that they are trying to send to prison?" IT IS OUR OPPORTUNITY TO ANSWER THEIR QUESTION, and it is the only defense I can make. My case in all possibility will not be tried for a year, and if within that year we can put SOCIAL REVOLUTION into the home of every voter in the state of North Dakota, I WILL BE FREED; if we fail, I SHALL LIKELY GO TO PRISON for a term of years.

I know there are thousands of comrades all over the country who would give their last dollar to protect me from personal danger. COMRADES, I AM IN VERY SERIOUS DANGER OF GOING TO PRISON. IT WILL TAKE THE IMMEDIATE HELP OF EVERY SOCIALIST IN THE COUNTRY TO FREE ME. WILL YOU ASSIST?

I don't want you to send money for court costs; I want my case tried before the PEOPLE OF NORTH DAKOTA. It they decide that I am

not guilty of a crime, I am safe, for the farmers of North Dakota have learned how to make their voices reach all the way to the seats of government.

What I want you to do—and do AT

ONCE—is this: First, see that subscriptions to SOCIAL REVOLUTION are poured into North Dakota until this publication covers the state like a paper blanket. Let my message go into every home within that commonwealth. The comrades in North Dakota must themselves attend to this task. Each of my readers should send, right away, one dollar and the names of four of his neighbors; or, if he can't get the subscriptions right away, send the dollar for four subscription cards and let the names come later. But, whichever you do, DON'T DELAY ACTION.

Then, as to what the comrades in other states shall do to help in this crisis: So soon as I can sufficiently recover my strength, which was exhausted by the exertions of my recent speaking tour, I shall start out on a trip that will cover the entire United States. We may expect I shall be arrested in every state I enter. This is inevitable, for I shall tell the truth wherever I go—and you know what that means just now. I must not remain long in any one jail, however, if the good work of enlightening the masses is to go on. The only way to insure my repeated release is to educate the people—to have a part of my message, carried by SOCIAL REVOLUTION, precede me wherever I go.

Get busy, then, comrades—my good friends in every state—and have the people prepared for my coming. This is the only thing that will protect me and enable me to continue proclaiming the gospel of social salvation.

So I ask every comrade; wherever he may be, who wishes to strengthen my arm for the fight—a fight that must grow more bitter with each passing day—to send in four subscriptions to SOCIAL REVOLUTION, or send for four subscription cards. AND DO IT WITHOUT DELAY.

I have given fifteen years of the best of my life to the Socialist movement, and I count it little enough to give. I am ready to give fifteen years more, but the prison gates yawn before me. I never have asked any human being for a penny for my personal use, and I am not asking it now; BUT I DO ASK YOU TO HELP ME CARRY OUR MESSAGE TO THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE IN WHICH I AM TO BE TRIED FOR THE "CRIME" OF DEMANDING PEACE AND DEMOCRACY, AND TO OTHER STATES WHERE I MAY BE ARRESTED. I AM COUNTING UPON YOU MOST CERTAINLY IN THIS DARK HOUR OF DANGER. DON'T DISAPPOINT ME, MY FAITHFUL COMRADES!

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AGENTS

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Who Are the Traitors?

By JOHN HAND

Staff Correspondent, Social Revolution.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 20.—Elihu Root has come back from Russia. He went by way of the Pacific and Siberia; he came home the same way. And upon his breast has now been pinned, by Mayor Mitchell, of New York, a medal for "distinguished valor."

On the night of this medal-mummery, Root showed his teeth when, in talking to the patrician Union League Club, he said: "There are still some Americans who do not quite understand why we are fighting. If they did, these pro-German traitors who are selling out our country, who are endeavoring by opposition and obstruction, in Congress and out of Congress, to make our preparation for the war ineffective, would be suppressed."

"There are men walking about in this city tonight who ought to be taken out and shot at sunrise. Understand, it is only a matter of time until they will meet this fate."

Traitors ought, of course, to be shot. Question is, who are the traitors?

President Wilson said, in his address to the people on July 11: "I hear it insisted that more than a just price, more than a price that will sustain our industries, must be paid; that it is necessary to pay very liberal and unusual profits in order to 'stimulate' production; that nothing but pecuniary rewards will do it—rewards paid in money, not in the mere liberation of the world."

"I take it for granted that those who argue thus do not stop to think what it means. Do they mean that you must be paid, must be bribed, to make your contribution, a contribution that costs you neither a drop of blood nor a tear, when the whole world is in travail and men everywhere depend upon and call to you to bring them out of bondage and make the world a fit place to live in again, amidst peace and justice? It is inconceivable. Your patriotism is of the same self-denying stuff as the patriotism of the men dead or maimed in the fields of France, or else it is no patriotism at all."

"Let us never speak, then, of profits and of patriotism in the same sentence, but face facts and meet them."

So a profiteer is an enemy of patriotism, according to the President.

Who, then, are the profiteers who are robbing the nation in its hour of emergency? Who are these foes of America?

The minority of the Finance Committee of the United States Senate furnishes the answer. It has reported the evidence to the Senate, in connection with the protest it makes against the inadequate war-profits tax in the War Revenue Bill. It shows that fabulous profits are being wrung from all the warring peoples, and from the peoples of the countries that have thus far stayed out of the war. Our masters, the beef barons, have made many times as much profit during the past year as in the period just before Europe went to war. So have our masters the copper kings, and our masters the railroad princes, and all of our other masters whose favor has been showered upon Elihu Root in the course of a tortuous career in corporation law. It has been more than a time of fatness for these masters of ours; it has been a time of apoplectic bloating of profits.

It is not necessary for a Socialist to call these profit-mad masters of ours such names as Elihu Root flings out at enemies of the country. No Socialist need say that they are doing the things which President Wilson defines as "inconceivable" and hostile to patriotism. Let LaFollette the Republican, and Thomas and Gore the democrats, whose parties uphold the vast banditry of organized capital, voice their anxiety:

"We shall render a valuable service if we leave no ground for the poor to conclude that they are being obliged to bear an unjust share of the burdens of the war. A sense of injustice is as ceaseless and sometimes as resistless as the force of gravity itself."

"Bear in mind that the average annual income of the wage earners, including the skilled and highly organized workman of the country, is less than \$700 a year, and then contrast it with the war profits of the corporations hereinafter enumerated. Remember, the profits of these corporations are not normal profits. A tax upon them does not touch normal profits, much less impair capital or cripple industry. A table is printed with this report, showing the average net income of 95 industrial corporations and 50 railroads for the years 1911; 1912 and 1913, and this average income deducted from the net income of 1916 is taken as a fair estimate of war profits."

"The war profits of some of these companies, together with a percentage of such war profits above normal profits, are:

"American Agricultural Chemical Co., \$2,969,918, or over 100 per cent (excess war profits); American Beet Sugar Co., \$4,880,027, or 250 per cent; American Hide & Leather Company, \$1,309,082, or over 250 per cent; American Steel Foundries Co., \$2,900,618, or nearly 600 per cent; American Zinc, Lead & Smelting Co., \$9,110,584, or about 4,500 per cent of normal profits; Anaconda Copper Co., \$47,151,795, or over 400 per cent; Armour & Co., \$15,363,358, or over 350 per cent; Barrett Co. (American Coal Products Co.), \$3,025,942, or over 200 per cent; Bethlehem Steel Corporation, \$40,425,510, or over 1,300 per cent; Central Leather Co., \$12,016,398, or over 350 per cent; E. I. DuPont de Nemours Co., (E. I. DuPont Powder Co.) \$76,581,729, or over 1,400 per cent; Standard Oil Co. of New York, \$20,425,510, or over 100 per cent; United States Steel Corporation, \$207,945,953, or over 300 per cent."

Do we realize what these cold figures mean?

They mean that instead of exploiting the working class of the world at the ordinary rate, these greed-mad profiteers are piling up vast additional hoards of wealth, mountains of gold and of industrial power over the workers to be used in the days after the war to ruthlessly suppress the discontent of the wage workers in America and to crush the competition of rival greed-mad profiteers of Germany and England and Italy and France in the less fully developed countries of the globe. It means that colossal sums can be used in controlling the press and the colleges and the pulpits; that princely gifts can be made by the Armours and the Schwabs and the DuPonts to "charity," and that all the swarm of intellectual bootlickers and flatterers can be hired to glorify to our children these enemies of democracy.

These figures are indeed a cross of gold upon which the working class movement, the aspiring spirit of social unrest, the demand of humanity for economic freedom, may be crucified. They are casting a black, portentous shadow across the hilltop from which America surveys the waste of war. Even the Democratic-Republican minority of this Senate committee, reading them over, and looking across the Atlantic to the storms of social discontent raised in Russia, in France and in England, and the still more terrible storm gathering within Germany, finds heart to comment: "It is monstrously unfair to tax the everyday necessities of the average men and women to pay the expenses of this war, in addition to commanding their service, and the lives of many of them,"

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The complete system together with 100 pieces of music will then be sent to you Free, all charges prepaid and absolutely not one cent to pay. You keep it five days to thoroughly prove it is all that is claimed for it, then if you are satisfied, send us \$1.50 and \$1.50 a month for 5 months. If you are not delighted with it, send it back in five days and you will have risked nothing and will be under no obligations to us.

Be sure to state how many white keys on your piano or organ. Do you play old-style note music? Give home address, street and number or R. F. D. Address

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and of their children, so long as these swollen and abnormal profits are not taken."

The Senate majority, both Republican and Democratic, proposes to tax these war profits—the war-time excess only, and not the total net profits—from 12 per cent on the first 15 per cent above normal, to 50 per cent on all profits of more than 250 per cent above normal. This means that the DuPont profits from powder, for last year, after payment of the proposed tax, will still be over \$41,000,000, as against only \$5,525,000 average profit for the three years before the war. Armour & Co., to whom we pay tribute in our little purchases of meat, will pay \$6,848,752 in taxes, but it will have left in profits more than \$13,250,000 as against \$4,746,632 for the average year just before the war.

This tax is not taking more than a fraction of the war profits; it is not protecting the American workers against extortion in retail prices; it is not materially reducing the threat of a terrible war by organized wealth upon the working class when the war in Europe is done. It is from the social viewpoint, a mockery of the workers.

Elihu Root says that soon the traitors obstructing our war preparations will be shot at sunrise in this country. Who are they?

A SOCIALIST

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Who is a Socialist? It is a man
Who strives to formulate or aid a plan
To better earth's conditions. It is he
Who, having ears to hear and eyes to
see,

Is neither deaf nor blind when might,
rough-shod,
Treads down the privileges and right
which God

Means for all men, the privilege to toil,
To breathe pure air, to till the fertile
soil—

The right to live, to love, to woo, to
wed

And earn for hungry mouths their
meed of bread,

The Socialist is he who claims no more
Than his own share from generous
nature's store.

But that he asks, and asks, too, that no
other

Shall claim the share of any weaker
brother,

And brand him beggar in his own
domain

To glut a mad, inordinate lust for gain.
The Socialist is one who holds the best
Of all God's gifts is toil, the second rest,
He asks that all men learn the sweets
of labor

And that no idler fatten on his neighbor
That all men be allowed their share of
leisure,

Nor thousands slave that one may seek
his pleasure.

Who on the Golden Rule shall dare
insist—

Behold in him the modern Socialist.

AN ACTIVE PACIFIST

Opponents of pacifism assume that pacifists are bloodless, men without passions, men who could look on and reason with cold detachment while their brothers are giving their lives for their country. Among those who are passively pacifist and who do no more than merely abstain from actively taking part in the war, there may be a certain proportion of whom this is true. I think that the supporters of war would be right in decrying such men. In spite of all the destruction which is wrought by the impulses that lead to war, there is more hope for a nation which has these impulses than for a nation in which all impulses are dead. The active pacifists, however, are not of this class; they are not men without impulsive force. On the contrary, they are men in whom some definite impulse, like the impulse toward life, or art, or democracy, to which

war is hostile, is strong enough to overcome the impulses that lead to war. It is not the act of a passionless man to throw himself athwart the whole movement of national life, to urge an apparently hopeless cause, to incur obloquy and to resist the contagion of collective emotion. The impulse to avoid the hostility of public opinion is one of the strongest in human nature, and can only be overcome by an unusual force of direct and uncalculating impulse; it is not cold reason alone that can prompt such an act. The active pacifist is a man of strong impulses and of unusual physical and moral courage.

—BERTRAND RUSSELL.

A Guide to Boston.—MR. PENN—
"They say the streets in Boston are frightfully crooked."

MR. HUBB—"They are. Why, do you know, when I first went there I could hardly find my way round."

"That must have been embarrassing."
"It is. The first week I was there I wanted to get rid of an old cat we had, and my wife got me to take it to the river a mile away."

"And you lost the cat all right?"
"Lost nothing! I never would have found my way home if I hadn't followed the cat!"—Yonkers Statesman.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE

You can hear anything you like about Socialists nowadays.

Rabid jingo journals make very frequent statements to the effect that the Socialists have killed themselves forever and ever by their attitude toward the war.

This represents the most pessimistic view.

Other critics present views running the whole gamut of opinion. Norman Hapgood says that Socialism in Europe has been boosted by the war. This

is quite in conflict with the dire views of those who think the Socialists everlastingly committed suicide when they failed to stop the war—as if a minority could be expected to stop it.

The big outstanding fact, however, is that, no matter what view they take, the newspapers and magazines are unable to let the subject of Socialism alone. Everywhere it is being discussed. A very great deal of the discussion is ignorant and nonsensical, but it is discussed.

They can't let it alone.

If it were really true that Socialism was dying, as many of our friends, the enemy, would like to have us believe, would they keep talking about it all the while.

Well, hardly.

It is just because Socialism is the one big thing looming on the horizon of the future that they can't let it alone.
—Milwaukee Leader.



The Paladin

A Journal of Organized Opinion

"The Paper With the Punch"

Edited by WALTER HURT and Published by PHIL WAGNER

Its corps of contributors includes the strongest and most brilliant writers in the radical field, of both this country and Europe, whose province embraces rational economics and every other phase of progressive sociology. Among these are nearly all publicists of prominence in the Socialist movement; and many others who are well known to readers of SOCIAL REVOLUTION and by them will be warmly welcomed as old friends.

A special campaign will be made for Free Press and Free Speech, in a nation-wide effort to save our propaganda press from the destruction which a despotic censorship so surely is aiming at all radical publications. Also, there will be waged in the pages of THE PALADIN a ceaseless fight for the restoration of all other of our constitutional rights that so suddenly have been suspended.

IT'S A JAR FULL OF GINGER!

Just get a taste of its pungency and you'll simply eat it up.

In giving the glad hand to THE PALADIN, "Beau Broadway," in the *New York Morning Telegraph*, says:

Hurt is not only a dreamer, he is a doer, being exceptionally skilled in the scientific tactics of propaganda. He has a larger miscellaneous following than any other social agitator, for that he has not confined himself to any single class of entomology. All bugs, as he once naively expressed it to me, look alike to him. Congenitally an agitator, born with a protest on his lips, since he was able to speak plainly he has been continuously active in some form of unorthodox evangelism. He may not succeed in all he undertakes, but after the tournament friend and foe alike will know that he was at the joust. Anything Walter Hurt writes is sure to be intensely readable; and any paper he edits can be depended upon not to put anybody to sleep.

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Moulding a Nation

By F. R. BRENTLINGER

Science was now a household fad and one might hear the family learnedly discussing Professor Herzog's theories on prolonging life—Herzog was experimenting with soil fertilizers. His theory was to fertilize the ground with the mineral salts of which the human body is composed. He argued that vegetation grown upon such ground would not only be prodigious but would be parasite-proof. He went farther and claimed it possible to so finely cultivate plant life that when taken into the human stomach it would be chemically perfect, preventing disease and prolonging life. "Give me five years more," said the scientist, "and I can live and stay young as long as I have the desire." The professor was setting about to physiologically eliminate that old Rooseveltian idea of race suicide.

With the mind freed of the fear of poverty the physiognomy of the people had undergone decided change. The senses were in perfect attunement and desire to attain irrepresible; the brightened eye (yes, folks were beginning to abandon glasses), the quickened step and the supple carriage of the body was in striking contrast to the feeble, listless subservient human of a few years ago. Incentive? Why, incentive is here on wings. Let us go back, dear reader, to the early '90s with its horrors of debt, its bogies of fear, its constrictions and constraint, its hypocrisy and artifice, its palaces and slums, its extremes and excesses, its prodigies and perverses. Let us go back and honestly answer ourselves where it was possible for incentive to propagate in such a soil.

But enough. Let us turn our backs on the past and face the sun. Let us go on with these happy people who have done with artificiality who are dead to precedent, and follow them in their awakening to their social unfoldment.

We find Inez Carlton, happy as a lark, romping on the green in Washington Park. The crisp air of morning has brought the bloom to her cheeks and the beauty of her surroundings is reflected in her eyes. While over there on the left approaches a man. Yes, it is Bruce, and they meet. What more natural than that they should meet? How are we to tell this story if we should let the social revolution separate them? Kindred minds are as obedient to the laws of affinity as are kindred metals. So Inez and Bruce meet. They meet often. It is well that they should meet often. And Inez asks if Bruce can fathom what she had been thinking; and Bruce answers he would not dare appear so egotistical; and Inez laughs and retorts that he is not too reserved to intimate it; and both then laugh and the retort was appreciated.

"Yes," continued Inez, "I was thinking of Mr. Bruce. Also of his promise of a trip to Denver in Mr. Edgerton's dirigible."

"Then this story in the Nationalist may interest you," and Bruce unfolded the paper and indicated the article.

"Battle of the Birdmen," read the headline. "Strange Craft Appears Over Washington and Is Given Chase By Over a Hundred Air Ships of All Sorts—Stranger Eludes Them All and As Mysteriously Disappears as It Had Come."

"Like a huge hawk attacked by a flock of sparrows, successfully evading its tormentors, darting here and there, up and down, and over and under, with a grace and positiveness beyond understanding, a strange but beautifully illuminated dirigible was given chase by every available air craft in Washington last night between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock. The stranger finally tiring of the game, made a bee-line to the north and was soon lost to sight.

"Returned airmen tell wonderful stories of the chase which at first was

a desire upon the part of Aviator Park in his powerful Spits to see what the intruder of the peaceful blue dome was like. Park came as near accomplishing his object as the little boy who attempted to put salt on the tail of a bird. One by one aviators rushed to his rescue and the heavens over the city were soon a-flicker with lights and a-thunder with noisy motors and propellers. The dirigible dodged them seemingly with ease, and the game of tag with nobody in it was witnessed by thousands of enthusiastic citizens, many having climbed to housetops to better view the game."

"Well?" asked Inez, looking up from the paper. "What is it?"

"It's Edgerton," answered Bruce. "He's done it."

"Done what?"

"Put that dream of his into a dirigible

and was free of all trappings and appendages. At the stern was a large propeller driven by a screw shaft. Edgerton, walking under the craft, touched a button which opened a passageway, and entered the interior of the craft. Touching a button, the machine became a beautiful opaline glow, revealing from the outside the driving mechanism and passenger equipment of what might properly be termed a flying fish. After some minutes spent in testing the engine, Edgerton came out as he had gone in. Pulling a lever, the roof of the hangar shot upward and folded back, revealing a clear sky.

"All aboard," said Edgerton, and the four persons entered the car. Starting the motors and pulling a lever, the Flying Fish responded and started to ascend. Up, up it went, high over the lights of Washington, a glow of electric beauty. As its head was pointed upward or downward, the cabin or engine room maintained a level—it working on swivels.

Over and over the city of Washington

A PRAYER

(By Arch. Ligan.)

Oh! Thou Creator of the Universe;
The Light, or Heat, or Air,—whate'er Thou be!
Pray, give me weakness, strength,—whate'er it takes,
I would from this Earth's pilgrimage be free!

I know full well Thou doest no useless task,
And, hence, that compensation is Thine right;
But tell in clear, or e'en mysterious way,
What had'st in Mind, when sent me to this night?

Why forced to live on an o'er-plenteous Earth
Where men "thank God" THY children are in rags?
Why live amongst these sacrilegious dolts
Who also "thank," THY women are made vags?

Why forced to live 'mongst those who mansions build
And then are "thankful" when they live in huts?
Why live 'mongst those who raise most bounteous crops,
And then "thank God," when they have hungry guts?

Why forced to live where bounteous are thy fields
Of fibre, food, of minerals,—all man needs;
Why live where LOAFERS take these free-gi'en gifts,
Where WORKERS starve—and "thankful" on the weeds?

I know full well THOU doest no useless task,
Nor made for naught the snail, or worm, or rat;
But tell, Oh, tell!—'Twill take SUPERNAL way,
Why in the Hell—you made the "democrat?"

I know full well THOU doest no useless task;
THOU tookest clay and of it made THE MAN;
But—if the last verse does not knock you out—
What was the cause for the "republican?"

I know full well THOU doest no useless task;
THOU gavest vines—and luscious grapes, sun-kist—
So come again—if still can't hear the gong—
Lord! Why in Hell—the Pro-hi-bi-tion-ist?

OH! THOU, CREATOR OF THE UNIVERSE!
The Light, or Air, or Heat,—whate'er THOU be!
Take me, my Father, to Heaven,—or e'en to HELL—
These Donks, and Reps, and Pros're too much for me.

and the boy has sure created a marvel. But wait until you see it."

"And when will that be?" asked Inez.

"Tonight, if everything works as scheduled, we will start on our trip to Denver. Edgerton says we can make it so as to have an early breakfast in Denver."

"But wouldn't it be more enjoyable to have a daylight trip?" pleaded Inez.

"Unquestionably, but would you rob Edgerton of his chief enjoyment? The boy is getting more pleasure out of mystifying the people than he did in perfecting his ship. The thought of what people will think as his craft glides over cities like a meteor fills him with ecstasy."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FLYING FISH.

Edgerton, the Carltons and Bruce stepped into the hangar and the aviator switched on the lights. A huge dirigible nearly filled the room. Outwardly it resembled nothing so much as a fish

the ship circled, and finally, taking a straight course, the aviator "threw her into high" to "kind'er stretch her legs." Like a meteor the craft cleft the air, taking on speed without a quiver and only noticeable in the engine action. Far down on the earth, where towns and cities were illuminated, they appeared as blurs of light.

Bruce, observing the compass, asked if Colorado was northwest of Washington. Edgerton smiled. "Don't say a word. I'm going to make old Father Knickerbocker sit up and take notice."

"But," chimed in Carlton, "New York is two hundred and twenty-five miles distant from Washington."

"Can't help it," answered Edgerton. "It's only a couple of hours coming and going and old Knick's got something coming to him. Nothing's ever happened along the Hudson since Rip Van Winkle waked up and the rest of the citizens went to sleep. It's time we disturbed their slumbers."

Bruce nudged Inez. "He can't help it, poor boy. He'd be spectacular if

he went to a funeral. He's like the small town mayor, back in the old days. His right to bask in the lime-light on all occasions was never disputed except by the volunteer fire chief at a conflagration."

Over New York Edgerton gyrated in etherial space, cutting up strange antics, dodging here and there, darting up and down.

"Here come the fireflies," cried Edgerton. "Watch me give them a run for their money."

His passengers looked down upon a score or more of air craft headed toward the dirigible. Edgerton held his boat well to as if awaiting their advances. Suddenly he lurched her forward, shot down, then up and reversed, leaving his visitors confused and busy avoiding collisions with each other. Try as they did and resorting to all manner of tactics Edgerton kept them at what he called proper distance.

"The game is highly entertaining," remarked Inez, and poor Edgerton groaned.

"Yes," came back Carlton, "and will be enjoyed by the 'rubbernecks' of New York."

"They certainly will have something to look up to," remarked Bruce.

"Indeed they will," said Edgerton. "Get that package out of the locker on the right, Bruce."

Bruce produced a package and at a nod from Edgerton opened it, exposing a number of cone-shaped articles about five inches in length.

"Those are 'Truax's Auroras.' Light the small ends and drop them through the air pipe," commanded Edgerton.

Soon the heavens were a phantasmagoria of light, rays shooting in every direction, crossing the red, blue and yellow, and forming all the color combinations beautiful beyond description.

"Truax asked me to do it," said Edgerton. "He's down there in New York enjoying the spectacle," and then he headed west, soon leaving New York to talk and wonder.

As the journey lost some of its zest Bruce explained to Hugh and Inez the details of the Flying Fish. Its transparency was accounted for from the bag being constructed of Brucite cloth treated by a chemical process which preserved the crystalline clearness of the silica. Gas was fed into the bag from a small plant called the actinic process, which also fed the engines. The air came from tubes through the floor and escaped through tubes at the stern. Lubrication was no problem, as with anti-friction bearings (a recent discovery) an ordinary amount of hydro-carbon oil was all that was necessary. The fish-shape of the bag enabled it to resist great pressure from without and the flexibility of the whole mass had a still further resistant effect. In descending, planes like fins were ejected from the sides and the landing was made in a glide.

The trip grew monotonous, and only the mining tales told by Bruce kept Inez and Hugh awake. These finally failed to suffice and the three passengers dozed off to sleep a thousand feet above the earth.

Their rest was broken a few hours after by a lusty cry from Edgerton.

"Pike's Peak! Change cars for the cog railway!" cried the aviator, and the three rubbed and strained their eyes to behold the Rockies stretching like a blue line on the earth below.

A sigh of relief escaped the passengers and before many minutes they were gliding to alight in City Park, Denver, before the populace had awakened.

All day long City Park was the scene of crowds of curious people who had come to see the Flying Fish. The Denver papers had gotten out extra editions which contained interviews with Edgerton explaining in detail the construction of his craft. The Carltons and Bruce had begged that their presence in the city be kept a secret, but it was too good a story—they were so well known to Colorado, which claimed them as its own, and they had taken an active part in the recon-

(Continued on page 10)

Physicians Explain Why They Prescribe Nuxated Iron So Widely

For Creating Red Blood, Building Up the Nerves, Strengthening the Muscles and Correcting Digestive Disorders—Often increases the Strength of Delicate, Nervous, Run-Down Folks
100 Per Cent in Two Weeks' Time

CHICAGO'S FORMER HEALTH COMMISSIONER SAYS IT SHOULD BE
USED IN EVERY HOSPITAL AND PRESCRIBED BY EVERY PHYSICIAN.

Opinions of Dr. N. H. Hornstine, for ten years with the Department of Public Health and Charities of Philadelphia, Dr. A. J. Newman, Late Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago, Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon, St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York, and other Physicians Who Have Tested Nuxated Iron in Their Own Private Practice.

NOW BEING USED BY OVER THREE MILLION PEOPLE ANNUALLY.

New York, N. Y.—It is conservatively estimated that over three million people annually in this country alone are taking Nuxated Iron. Such astonishing results have been reported from its use both by doctors and laymen that a number of physicians in various parts of the country have been asked to explain why they prescribe it so extensively, and why it apparently produces so much better results than were obtained from the old forms of inorganic iron. Extracts from some of the letters are given below. A special messenger was sent to interview the Former Health Commissioner of Chicago, Wm. R. Kerr, as it was known that he had personally used Nuxated Iron. Commissioner Kerr said:



William R. Kerr, Former Health Commissioner, City of Chicago

"As Health Commissioner of the City of Chicago I was importuned many times to recommend different medicines, mineral waters, etc. Never yet have I gone on record as favoring any particular remedy, but I feel that in Nuxated Iron an exception should be made to the rule. I have taken Nuxated Iron myself and experienced its health-giving, strength-building effect, and in the interests of the public welfare I feel it my duty to make known the results of its use. I am well past my three-score years and want to say that I believe my own great physical activity is due largely today to my personal use of Nuxated Iron, and if my endorsement shall induce anaemic, nervous, run-down men and women to take Nuxated Iron, and receive the wonderful tonic benefits which I have received, I shall feel greatly gratified that I made an exception to my life-long rule in recommending it. From my own experience with Nuxated Iron I feel that it is such a valuable remedy that it ought to be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician in this country."

In commenting on the above Dr. A. J. Newman, Late Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago and former House Surgeon, Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago, said: "I heartily endorse everything Former Health Commissioner Kerr says about this remarkably efficacious preparation. It has been my particular duty during the past six years to assist in keeping Chicago's five thousand bluecoats in good health and perfect fighting trim so that they would be physically equipped to withstand all manner of storms and the

ravages of nature's elements. Recently I was prompted through an endorsement of Nuxated Iron by Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon, St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York, to give it a trial. This remedy has proven through my own tests of it to excel any preparation I have ever used for creating red blood, building up the nerves, strengthening the muscles and correcting digestive disorders."



Dr. A. J. Newman, Late Police Surgeon, of the City of Chicago, and Former House Surgeon, Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago.

Dr. N. H. Hornstine, for ten years in the Department of Public Health and Charities of Philadelphia said: "During my connection with the Department of Public Health and Charities as District Physician and with the Department of Public Safety as



Dr. N. H. Hornstine, for ten years with the Department of Public Health and Charities of Philadelphia.

Police Surgeon, also as a member of important hospital staffs, I was often asked by both physicians and laymen: 'Doctor, what do you recommend to renew the supply of iron in the blood of people in a weak, nervous, run-down state?' While knowing that iron deficiency was the cause of this debilitated condition, and that iron must be supplied before renewed strength could be obtained, I nevertheless always hesitated before giving an opinion. This was simply because of my lack of confidence in the ordinary forms of metallic iron salts, with which there has been so much dissatisfaction. After carefully examining the formula of Nuxated Iron I realized that here at last was organic iron—the only kind I could conscientiously recommend, prepared in such a way with other ingredients as to be easily assimilated and calculated to act as a quick revitalizer of the blood and a true strength builder. Its administration in a number of stubborn cases where other tonics

had utterly failed only served to convince me absolutely of the remarkable and unusual power of Nuxated Iron. When I personally took it I found the rapidity with which my energy and endurance increased most surprising. In my opinion the widespread use of Nuxated Iron is bound to make a nation of stronger men, lovelier women and healthier children."

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied both in this country and in great European Medical Institutions says: "As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. Not long ago a man came to me



Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston Physician who has studied in great European Medical Institutions.

who was nearly half a century old, and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of twenty and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man—in fact, a young man he really was notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—Nuxated Iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 46 he was careworn and nearly all in—now at 50, after taking Nuxated Iron, a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth.

Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good, and as a consequence you become weak, pale, and sickly-looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired; next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Many an athlete and prize-fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray, while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for lack of iron."

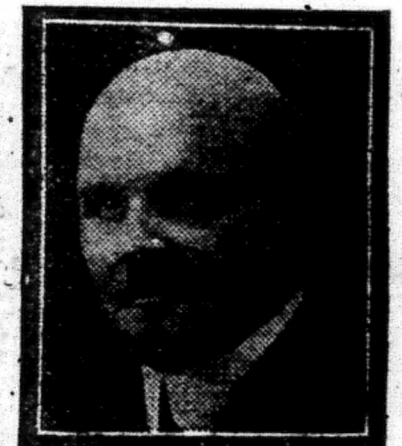
Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, says: "In the most common foods of Amer-

ica, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cooking, by throwing down the waist-pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, is responsible for another grave iron loss. Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."



Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author.

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon, St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York, said: "I have never before given out any medical information as I ordinarily don't believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."



Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon, St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists, and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit \$100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under sixty who lacks iron and increase their strength 100 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

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Moulding a Nation

(Continued from page 8)

struction of society that it was asking the impossible to suppress the news of their arrival. Snap shots of the party were spread over the front page, and the short talks from each, who pleaded fatigue after an all-night trip, were given pica type. Committees of prominent citizens were calling hourly at the Commonwealth Hotel to meet and greet the visitors, but it was not until late in the afternoon, after they had secured rest, that the people were permitted to pay their respects.

Inez was deliberately swept off her feet by a delegation of women who carried her to spacious parlors where she was the honored guest of the Denver queens.

Carlton and Bruce were the center of groups of men who crowded to get a glimpse of them. Now and then an acquaintance would break through the lines and grasp the hand of one or the other. Then would follow the recognition and the consequent reminiscences. It was like coming back home to the family after a long journey.

They were shown about Denver, beautiful in the old days, but now a gem sparkling with all that science and art could lend to it. Its wonderful boulevards, its libraries, its auditoriums, art galleries, playgrounds and parks, schools and public and private buildings, all showed the work of master hands and minds. The city plan of the future Denver was shown them and they wondered at its beauty and marvelled at the civic pride of its citizens.

"Tomorrow," said Bruce to Inez when they were alone in the hotel. "I am going to take a short trip."

"Yes, and may I be permitted to ask your destination?" questioned Inez.

"I am going to gaze once more upon that scene I once described to you. I'm going to see my picture."

"And are you going to be so selfish that no one else can share it? Or do you think that you alone appreciate the beauties of the spot?"

"Nothing like that, Miss Carlton. I do not know whether you would think the time well spent. It's a hundred miles by rail and two hours' drive by rig. I would only be too happy to have your company."

"And you shall have it. We will leave Hugh and Edgerton to enjoy themselves as best they can. They will not be lonesome. Edgerton has every mechanical crank in Denver on his staff and Hugh is crazy to whip a trout-stream. So it will be poor little you and I who must be amused."

The train slowly crawled over its canon trail, revealing at each curve some unexpected sight. Bruce saw rock formations, and read them as one would a book; Inez saw trees and flowers and hills blend into a glorious picture. Both watched the shifting scenes happy in their individual thought. Thus the train trip passed with few words spoken, and in a buggy, drawn by a team of substantial bays, there was the contact with exhilarating air, and again the shifting scenes to occupy their attention, with here and there a place pointed out by Bruce, who gave its name, or told some incident connected with the surroundings. Finally they alighted, and hitching the horses to a pine tree, took a trail which led up a wooded mountain. Reaching the mountain top Bruce halted. It was not necessary to tell Inez the quest was ended. She gazed upon the scene intently, and unconsciously she reached and clasped her companion's hand. Together they stood, mute, silent, enraptured.

Fairyland, with its mystery and phantasy, stretched out before them. The green of the pines was heightened by the golden hue of the aspens; the streams that trickled and dashed and foamed near by were silver threads shining in the far-away where the foliage took on purple and blue and black; here was a plateau pierced now and then with peaks; some wooded, some

frowning crags—a series of ever-changing distances. In the center stood a mountain as perfect in its symmetry as to have been shaped by the master hand, and black, black as night. Far to the north the vision was checked by massive hills which tumbled over each other in an apparent effort to climb, while across the vista stood a background of snow-covered peaks piercing the sky at an elevation of from twelve to fourteen thousand feet—a line of sentinels two hundred and fifty miles in extent; and over it all a glorious rarefied atmosphere which breathed harmony and inspired content.

Inez and Bruce stood transfixed, Expression was beyond human power. The dream of the artist, the song of the poet, the ideal of the visionary, the grand finale of inspiration was within their grasp. Nature had out-beautified nature, and to ruffle even the atmosphere with speech seemed criminal.

Thus they stood enchanted for many minutes. Finally, Inez withdrew, leaving Bruce with his own thoughts. Strolling along a little canon she plucked a bouquet of beautiful columbines. Returning, she found Bruce seated upon a log with "his arms on his knees, his chin in his hands, and not thinking a thing." Slowly and softly she approached him, breaking his reverie by placing the columbines on his shoulder.

Bruce looked at the flowers, and then at Inez. "Again," he said, "you bring me columbines."

"And you remembered?" asked Inez.

"And you did not forget," answered Bruce.

Rising, Bruce held out his hands, and Inez, like a babe to its mother, came to him. Not a word was spoken as they stood embraced, their hearts beating rapidly and their nerves a-quiver.

Tilting her head, Bruce looked searchingly into Inez's eyes and after minutes had passed—"My Mate," he breathed—and Inez nodded.

"This is a beautiful scene, Inez. To me it appealed as a mother. I always longed to be here; it seemed to satisfy something within me, but there was always something it seemed to lack—and now you have furnished that." Then Bruce kissed her.

"What, Phil dear, was it the picture lacked that I have supplied?"

"It lacked soul, darling; it lacked soul."

THE END.

APPEAL TO SUPREME COURT

CLEVELAND, Ohio—C. E. Ruthenberg, Edward Baker and A. Wagenknecht, prominent Ohio Socialists, Ruthenberg being organizer for Cleveland, and Wagenknecht state secretary, have been sentenced to one year in prison at Canton, Ohio, following their conviction for interference with the draft. The cases are being appealed to the United States Supreme Court.

GERMAN PUBLISHER JAILED

ON ORDER OF PRESIDENT
ST. PAUL, Minn.—August 9.—Dr. Fritz Bergmeier, president of the St. Paul Volks Zeitung, was arrested today by order of President Wilson, under the proclamation of April 6. The general policy of the Volks Zeitung has been to "cast aspersion by innuendo" on American war measures, it is charged. He was committed to jail pending further orders from the president.

Retreating to Victory.—An intoxicated man hailed a cab.

After he had climbed in, the cabby leaned over and asked, "What street do you want?"

"What streets have you?" he inquired.

"Lots of 'em," smiled the Cabby, humoring him.

"Gimme 'em all," he said, waving his arm grandly.

After they had been driving for several hours, the man in the cab ordered a stop.

"How mush do I owe you?"

"Seven dollars and fifty cents."

"Well—you better drive back till you get to thirty-fi shents, 'cause tha-shall I got."—Illinois Siren.

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I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write to day.
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What Socialists Want Now

Talks on the Socialist Party Platform—Third Installment

By WALTER J. MILLARD

The next plank in the platform to be discussed is as follows:

"The abolition of the powers of the courts to make and unmake laws because of alleged unconstitutionality or other grounds."

It is the current belief that the power to legislate for the United States lies in the House of Representatives and the Senate, but someone has shrewdly pointed out that in actual practice we have four legislative bodies in all: the House of Representatives, the Senate, the President through his veto power, and the United States Supreme Court through its power to declare laws unconstitutional.

There are those who maintain, however, that the Supreme Court has no such real power according to the constitution, but that it has deliberately taken that power. This is the argument of a very popular book, "The Usurped Power of the Courts," written by Allan Benson, the candidate for President of the Socialist party in the last campaign. He puts up a splendid case for this view of the matter.

It was in order to settle this once for all that Victor L. Berger, when congressman, added a very significant clause to the Old Age Pension Bill which he introduced. It was as follows: "The constitutionality of this act shall not be passed upon by the Supreme Court of the United States." There were many who were sorry that the bill did not become a law, not only because of the merit of old age pensions, but also because they would have liked to have seen what the Supreme Court would have done if they had had to thus face the issue squarely as to whether they really have the power to declare laws unconstitutional.

Lately there has been a tendency on the part of the Supreme Court to be very careful about this matter. The judges needed all the legal verbiage they could scrape together to convince themselves that the Adamson Eight-hour Law was constitutional. It was evident to them that the mass of the people favored it, and an adverse verdict would have done much to add to the agitation for an ending of these alleged powers of the Court.

This habit it has been learning of keeping its ear to the ground led F. Peter Dunne to put the following words into the mouth of Mr. Dooley: "The Constitution may follow the flag, but the Supreme Court always follows the election returns."

The Dred Scott Decision will always stand as the supreme example of the mischief this power of the courts can produce. However much the Supreme Court may temporarily bow to the evident popular will, its power, real or assumed, to thwart that will, remains one of the gravest obstacles to a democracy.

Even if the judges could in the decision of all cases forget the class to which they belong and rid their minds of the life-long habits of legal thought, yet it is still a question whether any human being could tell what the men who wrote the constitution would have done and thought, if they were living today. They are all of them over a hundred years dead. Not one of them saw a piece of blotting paper or a match. Railroads, automobiles, trusts, submarines and airplanes were undreamed of by them. How could they under any circumstances know what was the best way of handling our problems?

Without any disparagement of Spiritualism, which has among its adherents many splendid people, it is not amiss to say that the only proper way to find out if a law is unconstitutional, is to talk with the spirits of the men who wrote the constitution.

The Supreme Court should get a medium and hold a seance. The infor-

mation it would get would be a better basis for its conclusions than it now has.

A Congress of one house, elected by proportional representation, with its acts subject to the initiative and referendum and the power of the people to recall any appointed or elected official, provided that it is arranged so that the majority cannot use it to deny minorities their representatives in Congress—this is all the legislative machinery this country or any other country needs.

At this point, ask yourself if that is not sufficient, or whether you prefer a legislative system of four parts in which the real power rests in nine men not elected nor endorsed by the people and who hold office for life?

Rigid maintenance of the right of free press, speech and assemblage in peace and in war.

This plank, with the two following, are there because of the war. It is a bitter comment on a war that is waged "to make the world safe for democracy" that one of the first effects is to make the only party that really stands for democracy in America have to put into its platform such a plank.

The reason, of course, is obvious. Under the plea of military necessity, the powers of reaction are trying to throttle what little promise of democracy we have already obtained. With free speech, press and assemblage gone, criticism of the policy and methods of the government and the ruling class can be prevented. The discussion of possible terms of peace can be denied and the way prepared for crushing all the forces that before the war were becoming dangerous to the present economic order.

In its own interest the capitalist press has already had to demand the retention of the right of criticism that the espionage bill would have taken from it. In so doing it could not help preserving the rights of the labor press. However, that was only the first round and the fight will probably be long.

The capitalist press, it is evident, is rapidly being discredited in the eyes of its own readers. As a result, a very significant movement has appeared in the last few years that is gaining ground rapidly and has become nationally organized. This is the Open Forum Movement. These forums are sometimes connected with churches, while others are totally independent. Speakers with a real message are eagerly listened to and the socialist as a rule gets the greatest response from the audience. It will probably be on this new institution and on the straight-out socialist meeting that the gag will be sought to be put by those who welcome the scarlet shadow of war to hide their real plans.

The battle for democracy within America, though fought with other weapons, promises to be as grim as the one across the seas. How do you line up on the Socialist plank to make America safe for democracy? Do you stand shoulder to shoulder with the Socialists or will you quietly submit to the attempts, some open and some hidden, to Prussianize this country?

Encampment to be held at Quitman, Texas, on September 6, 7, 8, at the Old Settlers' Reunion Grounds.

The Hint that Failed.—CALLER (waiting for an invitation)—"Two o'clock! I fear I am keeping you from your dinner."

HOSTESS—"No, no; but I fear that we are keeping you from yours."—Boston Transcript.

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No Pioneering

We provide live-stock and farming implements, clear, fence and water your land ready for you to plant your crops. We build your house, pipe in water, supply electric light, construct the roads and walks, all ready for you to move in and be comfortable. The community is established and educational facilities from the first grade through college is available.

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Write at once for information about the Ruskin Plaza Co-operation Farms. The number of holdings is limited, so do not delay, but send a postal at once for the facts.

Ruskin Plaza Co.

FRANK P. O'HARE, President

RUSKIN, FLORIDA

BOX 103

The Public

An International Journal of Fundamental Democracy

A clever man said that when people speak of "habits" they refer to bad habits only. As a matter of fact habits are both good and bad. Personal progress is largely a matter of good habits. Reading "The Public" is a habit which thousands of alert minds practice. Why not cultivate this invigorating habit yourself?

References: Lincoln Steffens, Brand Whitlock, Judge Ben B. Lindsay, Ray Stannard Baker, and you—after you have tried it.
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TOBE SPILKINS

Hiz Lettur

(W. S. Morgan)

Mister Editor: Since a writin' uv my last lettur I've bin offall bizzy. This war bizzness iz wurkin' uv me purty hard; it seems to be wurkin' purty neert everybody. Sum iz wurkin' to git in and sum iz a wurkin' tu git out or keep out. Sum air wurkin' fur munny and sum air wurkin' fur their kountry, and sum don't know what they air a wurkin' fur. This war iz a furnishin' a good oppurtunity fur Amerrykans to go abroad this year. The akkommodashuns over there aint az good az they wuz several yeers ago, but there iz more munny bein' spent over there than ever wuz before. They air a playin' uv the game "Catch the Kizer."

While I wuz out uv the offis the uther day a peddlin' agent called in; he wuz a peddlin' uv a plan uv "How to Ketch the Kizer." He has the plan sealed up in a big envellup whitch wuz all embossed on the out side with purty pectures and uther munishuns of war. He sold one to little Strawhed, a tellin' uv hur not tu open it till I cum bak to the offis. He told hur also that the President wood be tickled half tu deth tu have one uv' the plans, but they woodent let him in the White House fur feer he might be a German spy. She paid him ten dollars fur it and I never seen sich a tickled thing az she wuz when I got bak tu the offis. Me and Strawhed opened it together. She wuz a tellin' me all the time how proud I wood be tu lay the plan before the prezident. We tuk out uv the envellup a slip uv paper. At the top wuz printed in big wurdz the follerin' inskription:

"HOW TO KETCH THE KIZER"
Then below that, in smaller letturs, wuz the inskription:
"Put thurteen kar loads uv salt on hiz tale."

Sum peepel don't like the way me and Woodsaw iz a runnin' uv this war, but we kant help it; we air doin' uv our durndest and we kant pleeze everybody. We air a spendin' uv a a lots ov munny, but munny iz a plenty in this kountry and sum peepel have got too mutch uv it ennyhow. There iz one thing we kin kount on fur sure; there iz a lot uv peepel who will make more out uv the war than it costs them; the Sennit Kommitty made a investigashun uv a lot uv the big bizzness concerns and found out that they made over four billyun dollars war proffits in 1916. Them fellers kin pay their part uv the cost uv the war without a hurtin' themselves. Woodsaw sez they kant maik that mutch another year, but I'll bet him a dollar and 17 cents that they will beet that this year. Me and Woodsaw air a gettin' along all rite, but I think he's a lettin' out too mutch stuff on a credit and a loanin' uv too mutch munny; but az he haz raized my wages I don't bother him about it eggsept tu make suggestions once in a while. It will be all rite if them fellers over in Yurrop air abel to pay it bak when they git throo with the war, but I doubt if them fellers over there whoo have bin a spillin' uv their blud, and air still a spillin' uv it, will allow themselves to be taxed when they go bak home to git the munny to pay us bak what they owe us. That wood be a hard blow on capitalism in this kountry, and the dadgummed Soshialists might git it intu their silly heds to step in and open the jack-pot by takin' over the big industries and a settin' up in bizzness fur themselves.

I'm afraid this war iz a goin' tu turminate in a good deel uv Soshialism no difference how it ends. Over in Yurrop they air compelled tu rezort tu Sshoshializing their industries fur ekonomick purposes and keep frum starvin' tu deth, and now lots uv peepel air askin' if Soshialism iz a good thing to have; that iz, if it ekonomizes produckshun and distribushun in war, why aint it good in time uv peece? Purty neert everybody now air a beginnin' to see the benefits uv Soshialism—no speshul privileges, no greed, no gain, no graft, no war; but if we wood wipe out all theze things it wood all be unconstitushunal and that woodent never do. Every dadgummed feller wood have to wurk then fur what he eat and wore, and that wood be too hard on the fellers who don't wurk but only have the whistle tooted fur the uthers to go tu wurk. Purty neert everybody iz a comin' tu the konklusion that the few fellers who have got the job uv rulin' the world have made about the dadgumdest failure at it that ennybody cood dreem uv after eatin' a harty supper uv lobster salad, hamburger, dog steak and limburger cheese. Uv korse it looks wurse to me and Woodsaw than it duz to common peepel, fur we air on the top waive and kin see more than most uv them, but we think we kin stem the tide if the peepul will pay the bill.

I got a lettur the uther day frum Shanghi Purkins; he iz in trouble; Freckledy, the gurl who he resently married, too well but unwisely, haz run away with a rat-trap peddler and he's afrade the peddler will git tired uv hur and send hur bak home. Then hiz oldest son, Shanghi the Sekond, the one that married the wooden legged widder's daurter, haz bin drafted intu the war and Shanghi iz afrade he WONT cum bak. Shanghi and hiz wife both have divorce suits filed agin each uther and Shanghi sez the chances air that

he will have tu pay the kosts in both kases. He sez it will kost him ten times az mutch to git unmarried as it did tu git married, but he sez he wood du it agin; but he don't want tu marry enny by mere accident az he did in this kase. Shanghi paid a hye triboot to me and Woodsaw fur the way we air a runnin' the war agin Germany. He sez he hates tu see Shanghi the Sekond go tu the frunt, but that kant be helped and yung Shanghi iz a shifty feller and mebbe he wont git killed. Shanghi iz tickled tu deth about him a raizin' uv supplies at the present prices and bein' called az inportant az the soljer in the trenches. He sez this iz a combinin' duty with profit and he will gallantly bring up the rear.

I have jist reeseved a lettur frum Tommy which reeds as follors: Deer pa; i got yoor lettur what you sent me but there wuzent enny munny in it; i guess you sent the munny tu ike hawkins but he aint giv it tu me, ma wants sum munny too and so duz Ben he wants enuff to last him while hiz divorce iz a pendin' and that will be a long time fur purty neert everybody in the kuntry iz a wantin' uv a divorce with antemony ma went up last week tu apply fur a divorce and hur antemony but the jedge told hur she wood have to put it off until the rush wuz over az there wuz over three hundred kases ahed uv hur purty neert everybody what iz a gittin' uv divorces iz gittin' married agin, sum uv 'em the same day if ma gits hur divorce i believe she will marry Ben but i hope not fur then he wood boss me around wurse than he duz now woodent he maik a purty lookin' pa a settin' around watchin' uv ma maik sope and a choppin' uv the stovewood and me a doin' the plowin' and feedin' i bought a dog with the 2 dollars you sent me in yoor lettur he haz got a stub tale and Ben makes fun uv him but he iz a better dog than Ben iz he ketches rats and wood ketch rabbits if he cood run fast enuff he kought a polekat the uther day and ma

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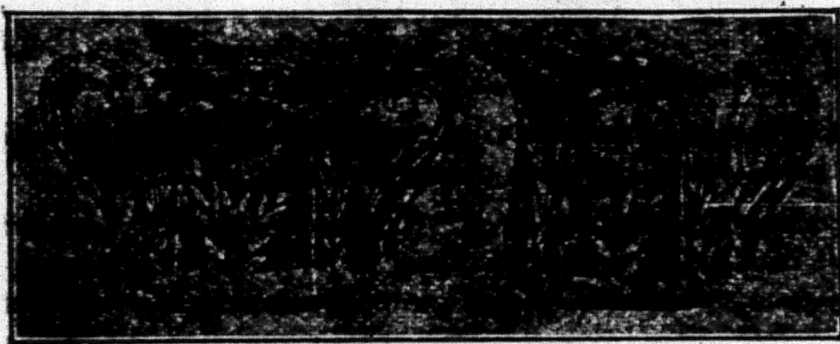
The Wise Husband.—Mr. Barton lives in a suburban town. His wife asked him to purchase a shirt-waist for her while in New York. After telling the salesgirl what he was after, she displayed a number.

"Here are some very pretty ones. What color do you prefer?" she said. "It doesn't make any difference," replied Mr. Barton.

"Doesn't make any difference!" exclaimed the salesgirl. "Why, don't you think your wife would like a certain color?"

"No, it makes no difference what color I get or what size. I shall have to come back to-morrow to have it changed." —New York Times.

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wont let him cum in the house i am a goin' to teech him tu bite Ben so Ben wont stay here so mutch and ete up our high kost uv livin' if i had sum munny i wood by sum tame rabbits Jack hawkins started with 2 and now he haz got thurty9 the speckeld hen haz got 16 little chickens and i cood raise our own meet i if had sum rabbits and then the uther meet witch the packers make out uv sik kows and sich like and aint az good az rabbits cood be sent over tu yurrop furr the soljers tu ete write me as sune az you git this

tommy spilkins
Jist before i maled this lettur i received a lettur from Ike Hawkins which contained a note he wanted me tu hand tu the Prezident. Hiz lettur tu me red az follers:

Deer Tobe: Inklosed you will find a note tu the Prezident; I know you and him air a havin' a hard time a runnin' uv this war thing; it don't go like it figgers out on paper, duz it? I aint sayin' mutch about the war; I'm afrade they will suppress my korn krap if I du. Besides I have jined the army—uv the farmers. I am a raizin' wheet at 2 dollars a bushel, and more if I kin git it. I have just sold my last yeer's korn krap fur 2 dollars per bushel. I am a lettin' uv my pigs and hogs starve tu deth, and the poorest uv my kattel; it don't pay tu feed 'em 2 dollar korn I have sold all my chickens they wuz a starvin' too.

I wuz a reedin' in the paper the uther day about sum fellers over in Oklahoma a bein' killed becuz they wuz drafted and didnt want tu go tu the war, and resisted the offisers who wanted to maik 'em go. It iz too bad and I feel sorry fur them. I hope they won't arrest me fur sayin' that; besides mebbly they voted fur it—I meen the poor fellers who wuz killed. But mebbly it iz fur the best; it sets a glorious precedent. There air lots uv men who air too old tu be drafted but they have incomes, sum uv 'em have big incomes. These incomes have bin drafted just the same az the thousands uv men without homes or incomes have bin drafted. New, Tobe, I want you tu tell the Prezident that there will be more slackers among income tax payers than there air among the yung men who have no homes uv their own in this country mainly fur the reezon that they air not old enuff tu have had time tu maik munny enuff tu build a home. Tell the Prezident that in this hour uv great peril it iz no more than rite that all men should be treeted alike in the administrashun uv justice and the punishment uv crime.

The man who owns no home, or but a small one, should be sympathized with in bein' forced tu leevie what little property he haz, tu say nuthin' uv severing the ties uv luv and effect-shun that are deerer tu him than all uther things in life. The man who iz abuv the age limit fur aktive survice in the field and haz only a tax tu pay on hiz income tax, and who undertakes by false entries on hiz books, padding hiz expenses, or in enny uther way try tu dodge the payment uv hiz income tax iz a thousand times wurse criminal than the poor slacker who haz no home, and frum hiz view point, a kountry that iz practically controlled and ruled by a munnied aristocracy. Tell the Prezident tu have these income tax slackers run down and made tu cum akross with the taxes. Tell him tu treet them jist like they did the Oklahoma slackers. You mite say tu him that I regard these income taxes merely fines fur stealin' too mutch frum the people and the government a makin' uv them pay part uv it bak. In kases uv emurgency they ort tu be made tu pay all uv it bak." Ike Hawkins.

I aint got room fur Ike's note tu the Prezident in this lettur but will try tu send it in the next one. It's a hummer.

Yours trooly,
TOBE SPILKINS, Diplomatt.

J. L. Scroggin, of Golden, Texas, is in St. Louis trying to close a deal for 90,000 acres of land in Louisiana to start a colony.

Something New for You

By Frank M. Eastwood

Our friends like the best, therefore they will be interested in the new weekly paper, *The Paladin*, preparations for the launching of which are being made as this number of SOCIAL REVOLUTION goes to press.

Take this tip from one who knows: *The Paladin* is going to cut some ice from the beginning and for long seasons to come—even in the summer-time. Soon will be with us the long winter evenings when reading is a treat, and I know of no reason why the best people shouldn't have the best of timely radical literature. This they're sure of having if they subscribe for *The Paladin*. The fact that Phil Wagner is its publisher is an all-sufficient guarantee that *The Paladin* will deliver the goods.

The Paladin is going to preach democracy in a way that is readable—not bourbon democracy, but the fundamental democracy that the forces of progress are pushing more and more into every modern institution; the kind of democracy that dumps despotism in its divers forms and affirms freedom in its fullness.

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ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL FREEDOM.

NEW YORK CITY,—“Economic freedom must accompany political freedom. Otherwise there is no freedom. And freedom of access to God's earth is the first claim of democracy.” These sentences give the keynote of an address by Frederick C. Howe, Commissioner of Immigration at the port of New York, to a conference on the High Cost of Living held in New York City, July 3. Doctor Howe said:

“All over the world peoples and rulers are talking of liberty. Emperors, kings, Tories and aristocrats are justifying war in new terms, terms of liberty. Never before in the history of the world was this true. Liberty has forced itself into the mouths of men who heretofore used it only for their own aggrandizement. Now they are compelled to widen its meaning to include all people, workers, peasants, serfs.

“But there can be no liberty under economic feudalism, whether it be the feudalism of the eighteenth century or the feudalism of the twentieth. Feudalism has changed its form; it has not changed its essence. And the tenant in the country and the worker in the city pay feudal tribute today, just as they did three hundred years ago. Then they gave personal labor; now they give cash. The earth and all its fullness is owned. And the laws of God are set at defiance when millions are born into the world under economic subjection to those who own the resources of the earth.


“Economic freedom must accompany

political freedom. Otherwise there is no freedom. And freedom of access to God's earth is the first claim of democracy. Mexico discovered it. The peasants of Russia found it out. And these peoples are giving the earth to those who use under titles similar to those of the Jews 3,000 years ago. For the laws of Moses were the laws of equal opportunity to the earth, just as were the laws of all early peoples.

“And taxation is the agency through which permanent liberty can come. For through taxation those who hold the earth but refuse to use it must pay for their privileges or give them up to others. Taxation of land values will release lands and mines. It will enlarge production. It will destroy monopoly. It will free the tenement worker and the miner, and permit them to labor for themselves. Taxation has been used for privilege, for protectorate tariffs and in many other ways. The new democracy which is coming has in its hands a liberty tax, the taxation of land values. It will open a new life to even the poorest and will, when applied, insure equal opportunity for all. And democracy the world over has been inspired for generations by that phrase of Jefferson, ‘Equal opportunity for all, and special privilege for none,’ just as it has by the French Revolution with its ‘Liberty, equality, fraternity.’ Taxation of land values was the rallying cry of the philosophers who preceded the French Revolution. It should be the rallying cry of democracy in the New World.”

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The worm-driven-gear motor is noiseless and is most durable in construction. Runs smoothly and without vibration.

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A combination of the finest wood together with special metal construction gives the Kibrola a Tone Chamber that brings out the true beauty of every voice and of every instrument.

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Your family, friends, and neighbors will get a world of enjoyment out of your Kibrola. This grand music maker plays all your favorites—hand selections, dainty songs, religious pieces, dance music, etc. What we ask you to do to get this beautiful Kibrola—free—is more like play than work. We give it to you for helping us advertise Kibler's All Round Oil.

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TAMPERING WITH PRIVATE MAIL

WASHINGTON, D. C. (Special Correspondence).—Charges made by Congressman Tague of Boston that postoffice inspectors had been systematically opening his private mail in order to "get something on" him to punish him for his stand in the pneumatic tube fight, has stirred Congress to its depths. The hearings of the House Committee on Postoffice Expenditures are crowded with congressmen and their secretaries, most of whom seem convinced that the Boston congressman has got the goods on the ring of postoffice inspectors who dominate the department. These revelations, coupled with the vigorous fight initiated by the American Union Against Militarism on behalf of the sixteen socialist and radical papers which Postmaster Burleson has suppressed, have kept the department under fire for the past two weeks.

The climax of the Tague case came, quite unexpectedly, from the defense. When Congressman Tague ventilated his charges, Postmaster John Murray of Boston hurried to Washington and demanded a hearing. He was given one, and on the stand he passionately denied that he had opened Tague's mail or permitted any postoffice employe to open his mail. He carefully explained, however, that he had no control over the postoffice inspectors, who are responsible only to the administration at Washington. The official transcript of the testimony from this point on makes piquant reading:

Chairman Keating: I want to know to what extent an inspector has the right to examine the mail of a citizen without the consent of that citizen, and I thought as postmaster you might be able to state it, in case it was a part of the daily routine of your office.

Mr. Murray: May I say this: That the only time the matter of open-

ing anybody's mail was ever brought up in the Boston postoffice, that I remember, was after the declaration of war, when it was brought up that the mail of the interned German sailors in Boston ought to be censored, and it was put up to me to open that mail or to give it to somebody who would open it, and I would not do any such thing.

Mr. Huddleston: Who put it up to you?

Mr. Murray: And I made it the subject of correspondence with the Department, and the Postoffice Department at Washington took the same attitude that I took about the matter, that even the mail of interned German sailors and alien enemies of this Government ought not to be opened.

Mr. Huddleston: Who put it up to you?

Mr. Murray: Now, if you insist on an answer to that question I will answer it.

Mr. Huddleston: I think it ought to be answered.

Mr. Murray: A secret service man. Mr. Heintz: Of the Treasury Department?

Mr. Murray: Yes.

Mr. Huddleston: Did he hold himself out as being instructed to take such action or was he doing it—

Mr. Murray (interposing): He did not get as far as that. He asked for certain letters; I said, no; he said "Turn your back." I said, "I will not." He said "Why not?" I said, "Because, if I turn my back, you will take those letters and open them, and you will not take any letters going through the Boston postoffice and open them while I am postmaster." And that was said in the presence of the assistant postmaster. And then to be charged with opening anybody's mail when I would not even allow such action in that instance. Do you wonder that I am feeling pretty hot about this thing, to be charged with that when I would not allow even the German sailors' mail to be opened? That mail was in the postoffice for two or three weeks while I wrote to the Department here about it, and a copy of the correspondence is in the Department here.

Mr. Huddleston: What was finally done?

Mr. Murray: I was instructed to make delivery to the officer in charge of those men, I think the Immigration Commissioner, and I was told in a telegram from Judge Lamar that that would constitute delivery.

The thing that staggered the congressmen, of course, was the frank admission that the secret service men, who belong to the Treasury Department and have no more right of access to the mails than a soldier or a sailor, entered the Boston postoffice, abstracted the letters of the interned German sailors and perfunctorily sought permission to open them. Murray is an Irish politician and evidently holds old-fashioned ideas as to the sacredness of the mails. The fact that when he insisted on putting the matter up to the Department, the latter refused to go officially on record as approving it is considered of less significance than the calm effrontery of the secret service men.

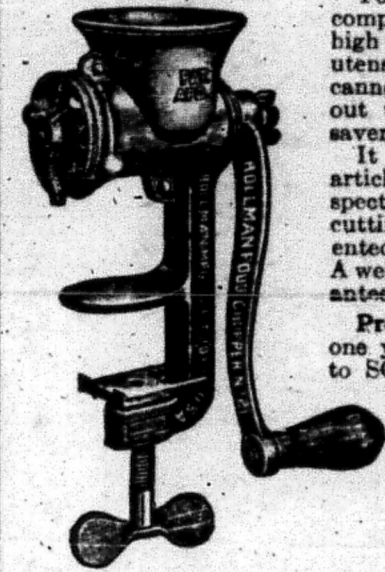
The question is: What would have happened with a more pliant postmaster? What were they doing in the postoffice at all? How widespread is the practice of opening private mail?

These are the questions which the House seems determined to have answered.

Those who have evidence regarding the practices of the Postoffice Department should communicate without fail with their congressman or with Chairman Keating of the House Committee on Post Office Expenditures.

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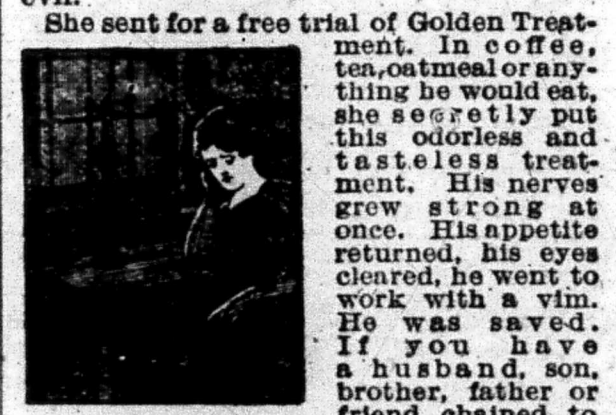
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THE COMING OF SOCIALISM

By EUGENE V. DEBS

Terrible as the war is and deeply as its ravages may be deplored, socialists may yet rejoice over the changes it is bringing over the face of society and the brighter future it promises to the world.

The utter failure of capitalism is demonstrated beyond all cavil in every nation involved in the great war. The very hour the United States was drawn into the bloody maelstrom the ruling class itself was compelled to admit its utter helplessness to prosecute the war unless the government assumed practical control of the nation's industries and resources.

If a socialist had proposed such a measure as the administration food bill a year or two ago he would have been set down as a fool or madman, but the exigencies of war have not only necessitated this, as other similar measures, but have demonstrated their entire practicability.

If private ownership of the nation's industries is a failure in time of war it is even a greater failure in times of peace.

If the present war has proved anything, it is that exploiting capitalists cannot be trusted with the control of the people's government. Their patriotism put to the test has always and everywhere had the same result.

The ghastliest of all war-jokes—if joking about war is ever admissible—is the appeal of the government to the "patriotism" of its exploiters. The exploiting class exists for one purpose only, and that is to prey upon the people. In war or peace the instinct of the ruling class is the same, and it is for war or peace as may best promote its opportunities to rob its victims and keep them in servitude.

The grim saying of Marx that the capitalists have to serve their own grave-diggers is finding ample verification in the present war. They have been forced into the war by their own system, and now the war is undermining the system and making inevitable for its overthrow.

Socialism was never surer of its

ground than it is today. Its underlying principles are daily achieving their own vindication, and socialists may well rejoice over the outlook for the brilliant future of their movement.

Now is the time for socialists to do their best work. The war censors and the secret service agents may for a brief hour interfere with the usual program, but there are a thousand ways in which socialists can now serve the cause that were not possible before the war.

The people as a rule are now in a most receptive mood for socialist literature. They are anything but enthusiastic about the war. They begin not only to sense its horrors and feel its crushing burdens but they are also coming to understand that war is the outgrowth of capitalism and that the only sure way to end war is to wipe out the system that breeds war.

As the war approaches its close, socialism will become more and more the issue that will confront all nations with the insistent demand for its adoption in behalf of the people.

The day of king-rule is nearing its end. The people are weary of oppression and exploitation and are determined to cast off their chains and be free.

Let each of us rise to his full stature in this crisis and do all that in his power lies to spread the light of socialism and speed the day of emancipation.

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the foreground some important facts about previous wars. Heretofore, the workers have paid in high prices, low wages, poverty, hardships and suffering. Indeed, there is hardly a war in modern times that has not been a blessing to some group of business men. The Napoleonic Wars proved a source of immense business advantage to the British. The foundation of many an English fortune was laid during this bitter struggle. While the people of Britain endured the grinding hardships of that great struggle, many business men prospered.

The Civil War found Washington so infested with business brigands that Lincoln was at his wits end. Finally, in desperation, he is reported to have said to a group of New Yorkers who were insisting upon a gunboat for the protection of New York harbor—"If I were as rich as you gentlemen are said to be, and as frightened as you appear to be, I would build a gunboat myself and give it to the Government." The gunboat was not built. On the other hand, the business men from all parts of the nation were fattening upon war contracts.

During the Civil War many of the soldiers were paid in paper money, so depreciated that it took \$2.65 in paper to buy \$1.00 worth of gold. Meanwhile the interest on the bonds was paid in bullion.

The Civil War, like the Napoleonic Wars, proved to be of the most immense business advantage. Blood was poured out freely. The common people sacrificed to the limit of their endurance, while the business interests were reaping a rich financial reward.

The worker need not necessarily be compelled to pay. It would be perfectly possible for the Government

of the United States to pay for this war by imposing a land tax that would take all of the economic rent of land; by taking all incomes in excess of two thousand dollars, during the continuance of the war; by laying a heavy inheritance tax, and by taking all of war profits away from the war manu-

facturers. Such a system of taxation—called the conscription of wealth—would probably raise considerably more than ten billions of dollars a year, enough to pay for the war out of the property rights of the well-to-do.

Such a thing is possible. Will it happen? Well, say—will it happen?

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OUR MOST DANGEROUS ENEMY

The real struggle for the mastery of the world is not being waged on the battlefields of Europe. It is not a conflict between nations, but a conflict between classes, between the working class and the exploiting class, between socialism and capitalism. In this great struggle, it is the trained heads that count, and our most dangerous enemy is ignorance. Education is "Preparedness for Democracy."

Comrade, it does not matter who you are or where you are, what your age or occupation may be; you can get an education, and a good education, at home, during your spare time, on easy monthly payments.

There is at Fort Scott, Kansas, a school organized by the workers and for the workers, which renders service at actual cost, without profit to any one—service of the highest class.

The People's College has courses in Plain English, Advanced English, Public Speaking, Arithmetic, Bookkeeping, Shorthand, and other branches. These courses cost, in many instances, less than half what equal service would cost in a capitalist correspondence school. Four thousand of your comrades are taking these courses successfully. Join them and prepare yourself to "do your bit" for real democracy.

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PUTTING IT ON THE WORKER

By SCOTT NEARING

If the owners do not pay for the war, the workers will. If the workers will not pay, the owners must. There is no other possibility.

Owners and workers receive all of the income that is paid out in the United States. Owners and workers possess all of the 250 billions of wealth that exists in the country. The line of economic division in the community is between owners and workers. Whatever bills one does not foot, fall to the share of the other to pay.

The workers in Russia, who are evidently disinclined to pay at all in so far as the war debt is concerned, are for pushing the owners off from the map—but that is in Russia. There is no such radical movement in the United States.

The owners are very few in number. Probably not more than one person in five in the industrial districts owns industrial property. The Industrial Relations Commission reported that 2 per cent of the people of the United States owned 60 per cent of the wealth of the country; and that the most important kind—resources, franchises, banks and machinery.

While the owners are few, the workers are many. In most large industrial centers they make up more than four-fifths of all of the people. If the owners pay the war bill, it will be a rich man's war and a poor man's fight. If the owners pass on the paying to the workers, the workers will do both the paying and the fighting.

A little study in history throws onto

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Victims of eye strain and other eye weaknesses and those who wear glasses, will be glad to know that according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope and help for them. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored by this remarkable prescription and many who once wore glasses say they have thrown them away. One man says, after using it: "I was almost blind. Could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without my glasses, and my eyes do not hurt any more. At night they would pain dreadfully. Now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me." A lady who used it says: "The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can read even fine print without glasses." Another who used it says: "I was bothered with eye strain caused by overworked, tired eyes, which induced fierce headaches. I have worn glasses for several years, both for distance and work, and without them I could not read my own name on an envelope or the typewriting on the machine before me. I can do both now and have discarded my long distance glasses altogether. I can count the fluttering leaves on the trees across the street now, which for several years have looked like a dim green blur to me. I cannot express my joy at what it has done for me." It is believed that thousands who

wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able to strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble and expense of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by the use of this prescription at home. Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in a fourth of a glass of water and let it dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two to four times daily. You should notice your eyes clear up perfectly right from the start, and inflammation and redness will quickly disappear. If your eyes bother you even a little it is your duty to take steps to save them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have saved their sight if they had cared for their eyes in time.

Note: Another prominent Physician, to whom the above article was submitted, said: "Yes, the Bon-Opto prescription is truly a wonderful eye remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. I have used it very successfully in my own practice on patients whose eyes were strained through overwork or misfit glasses. I can highly recommend it in cases of weak, watery, aching, smarting, itching, burning eyes, red lids, blurred vision or for eyes inflamed from exposure to smoke, sun, dust or wind. It is one of the very few preparations I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family." Bon-Opto, referred to above, is not a patent medicine or a secret remedy. It is an ethical preparation, the formula being printed on the package. The manufacturers guarantee it to strengthen eyesight 50 per cent in one week's time in many instances or refund the money. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is sold in New York City by Kalish's 23rd street pharmacy, in Baltimore by the Read Drug Co., in St. Paul by the Mansour Drug Co.

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